

## Tricks of Photographers to Make Women Beautiful.



## The Most Terrible of Venomous Serpents.

THE most terrible snake in the world is the ophiophagus, or serpent-eater. A picture of him, as he stands ready to deal death, is presented to the readers of this newspaper.

The ophiophagus is the largest and the fiercest of all venomous snakes and is also an eater of his own kind. These three qualities make him at the same time the most dreaded and the most peculiar of snakes.

He is related to the cobra, having the same faculty of distending his neck when observed. But, unlike this deadly reptile, who is usually sluggish and inoffensive, the ophiophagus is active and offensive.

It makes one's blood run cold to hear this creature described, even in the calm language of a scientific writer. Frequently he attains a length of twelve feet, and his body is remarkably thick. He is fully as venomous as the cobra di capello.

The combination of so many qualities has aroused the admiration of man and caused the Hindoos to give to the serpent-eater the title of "king of serpents."

This title would appear to be fully justified by the behavior of the snake among his own kind. When the serpent-eater feels in need of something to eat he repairs to an open space in the jungle and there raises his neck and swells it in a terrifying manner. Then he lies in a way of which he alone is capable, and all the serpents in the jungle, knowing well that it is their king who calls, respond to the signal.

Then the serpent-eater picks out with care the fattest and most appetizing of the gathering and kills them. The others retire with all humility to await the pleasure of their master on some future occasion.

In appearance the serpent-eater is magnificent. His skin has an olive-green background, with markings of white and black. The whole skin is of remarkable brilliancy.

At the least alarm he coils his tail and raises the fore part of his body, with distended neck. His gigantic figure, his glittering eyes and brilliant colors make of him a picture which no man could forget. Most reptiles turn and flee at the approach of man, but the serpent-eater knows no such cowardice. He will attack a man whenever he sees one and pursue him to the bitter end. The reptile has great strength as well as ferocity, and few obstacles are capable of hindering him in his pursuit. He can swim as well as he can run, and can climb swiftly to the topmost branch of a high tree.

The naturalist Cantor tells a story of an English officer who, pursued by a serpent-eater, escaped in the nick of time by a curious stratagem. He threw his cap on the ground, whereupon the serpent furiously attacked this object, and the man attained a place of safety. This shows the thoughtless ferocity of the creature.

Nicholson, a writer on English natural history, records that he saw an elephant die three hours after being bitten by a serpent-eater.

The territory which the serpent-eater inhabits is very extensive. He is found in India, Indo-China, Sumatra, Java, the Malay Archipelago, the Philippine Islands, and also, it is believed, in the northern part of New Guinea.

Happily he is nowhere very abundant. Otherwise it is obvious that the countries afflicted would become uninhabitable.

Although this snake preys on serpents to any other form of nourishment he is sometimes by necessity forced to content himself with little beasts and birds.

It is generally recognized that French naturalists have the greatest knowledge of venomous snakes. At the Jardin d'Acclimatation and the Museum of Natural History, in Paris, several serpent-eaters have been kept in captivity. There they were generally fed on rats, snakes not being sufficiently common to keep them supplied. The ferocity of the reptiles was entirely confirmed by observation of them in captivity, as M. P. E. Jullierat reports. When an animal was delivered over to one of them, the snake rose up, swelled his neck and hissed fiercely. He bit his victim and waited until it became motionless and then swallowed it.

Two individuals who lived simultaneously at the Jardin and at the Museum of Natural History showed very different characteristics. The one at the Museum, which was over six feet long and of remarkable beauty, was exceedingly ferocious. When a visitor approached his cage he stood up, swelled his neck and struck furiously at the bars, thereby seriously injuring his mouth. He did this so persistently that Professor Vaillant, in order to save so rare a reptile, was compelled to remove him from public observation.

The serpent-eater of the Jardin d'Acclimatation was less intractable, and permitted himself to be inspected without making a hostile demonstration.



Most Venomous Snake in the World.

THAT the camera cannot lie is true, but even more it is true that in the hands of a skillful photographer deft manipulation of the lenses or of the instrument itself can make or mar the face or the form that is posing.

Even the photographer has his tricks. They are tricks that have an art behind them and turn the camera from a dumb mechanical instrument which can set down on its plate only what is actually before it, into a discriminating mechanism selecting at will, changing ugliness, almost, into beauty.

Nobody ever saw the picture of an actress that was not attractive. Some photographs of reigning queens of the stage are far more beautiful than others, but not one fails to catch the eye from the point of view of loveliness, facial or of contour. In tens of hundreds of photographs taken of women in private life few show any remarkable charm.

And yet the women of the stage, on the whole, are not more conspicuously fascinating than those who have never trodden the boards. The reason of the difference in their photographs is plain and simple. It is the trickery of the photographer, who, laughing meanwhile within his sleeve, so cleverly works that he changes, presto! an ordinary woman into a beauty of the stage.

It has remained for some French photographers to give somewhat in detail the actual science of these tricks of photography. The question is one of perspective and optical illusion. An example, for instance, if the photographer have sufficient skill, can be so photographed that it will appear in the shape of a ball, in the same manner a nose or a neck may be made to seem short or long, a face longer or rounder, a figure stout or slender, short or tall.

It requires amazingly clever work, of course, but the possibilities of it have been demonstrated time and again. No better example of the photographic trickery could be given than in the three photographs reproduced here, which are in reality pictures of one and the same person, but which yet appear to be of three different women. Not only are they of the same woman, but they were taken with the same lens and at the same time, the second a few moments after the first, the third a few moments after the second. The way it was done was simple yet scientific. The camera in the first picture was raised to a height of sixty inches, in the second to a height of thirty inches, and in the last to a height of forty.

But the science of photographic trickery does not consist solely of raising or lowering the camera by any manner of means. It is the science of selection. In every person's face certain characteristics stand out as absolutely the best in their countenance. It may be the chin, the eyes, the nose, the mouth, or the forehead. Again, in every face there are features that are weak and need strengthening, hiding, or some sort of "bolstering up." With the trained eye that is gained through years of experience the photographer sees this at once. He may not see it completely, it may require posing after posing, and trial after trial at certain angles before he gets the proper effect. But he finds—and this fact the French photographers have just made known—that there are some combinations in every face that will give a practically perfect photograph.

If the chin recedes badly, by a deft tilting of the head and a turning of his camera to the right angle, it is a strong, attractive chin that appears in the photograph.

The prominent nose that throws all the rest of the face out of countenance he brings his machine to bear upon until he gets an angle at which it is softened and brought into relation picturesquely with the rest of the face.

A sideways turn of the head and a large, broad-lipped mouth may be photographed easily made into the reverse, roebuck or "Cupid's bow," that a woman ever had.

An ugly forehead may be toned down into a most fetching one by catching the light upon it, by turning the head up, or down, and a whole face bared in every characteristic may be metamorphosed by picturing it sideways so that the tip of a rosy ear may be seen.

Sometimes photographers treat paper with chemicals so that it can be stretched ever so slightly after the picture is printed on it. It is thus possible to stretch an ordinary cabinet print an eighth of an inch, thus working wonders in the picture. By it a round, chubby face has been lengthened into a Greek oval of great beauty.



## Crucified Himself and Made His Own Cross.

HOLY week in Venice, the power of which has just reached this country, has brought to light a strange and dramatic story, a story of fanaticism so terrible that it stands in its bare and horrible details without precedent. Driven by vain desire to emulate the Master of the Mount of Olives, men have undergone, throughout the centuries, many cruel tortures and many self-inflicted pains. But no one, in the whole history of the Christian world, save Matt the Lovat, ever got it into his head, quavering brain before to die on a cross just as our Saviour did, and actually to nail himself upon the beams he had made with his own hands.

It is one of the remarkable characteristics of a fanatic who ends his existence in a strange manner, that every detail of his fantastic suicide is invariably planned out with almost scientific precision. Even these weak brains, clothed over with mania, have a power of concentration regarding what they devise that would be considered remarkable among the sanest of citizens, among the most expert scientists and thinkers. Such concentration of power and mental force, though it was the maddest sort of frenzy that held the reins of his delusion, characterized Matthew Lovat's ghastly death upon the rude frame-work of wood fashioned in the shape of a cross.

This was his second attempt. The first, only, and the good wife, Osguilla, with drove him out of her house forthwith, in His life, from the very day of his unsatisfactory one. The son of a poor boyhood to perform tasks that were to him shone bright in his life; the little village him the only men in the world who were ambition of entering the priesthood, he family was so poor assistance; and so, of his cherished to shoemaking and away in silence.

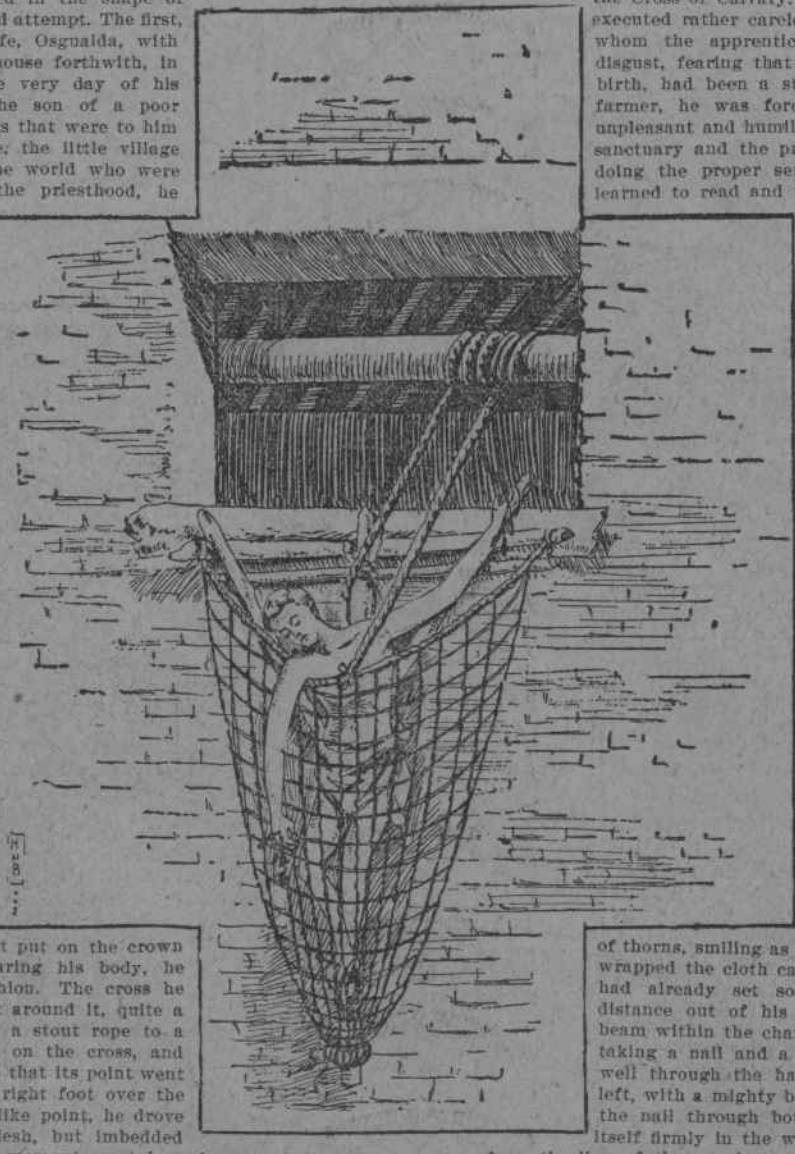
It may have been and brooding made all events the curse religious frenzy Untaught, uncultured seemed to him that way left for him to die on the cross as done.

Months, if not perfect his grim ark knew the tragedy up late of nights bread and awl aside the dim light of a story of a quaint old rounded by the gradually gathering lovingly, bit by bit, and collected nails, crown of thorns, go in his planning, small cords, yet bold him, which he from the arms of the city himself upon. The shop keepers Venice were just when Lovat started suicidal frenzy. He first put on the crown his forehead. Then, baring his body, he in the old Hebrew fashion. The cross he protruded, with the net around it, quite a its top was secured by a stout rope to a He lay at full length on the cross, and through his left palm so that its point right, and crossing his right foot over the a huge nail with a pin-like point, he drove not only pierced the flesh, but imbedded

The agony of that moment must have been awful, but no cry came from the lips of the maniac as he laid the hammer upon the floor. With a scarf that he had placed just at hand, he tied his body carefully and tightly at the intersection of the pieces of the cross, then lifting the mallet again drove the third nail through the palm of his right hand. He had long before this taken the precaution of making good-sized holes in the arms of the cross into which he could readily fit the nails that had pierced both his palms.

Lovat did not intend to crucify himself in secret. It was part of his mania to die upon the cross that he had made openly, in sight of all men. Moving the heavy pieces of wood across the window sill was not, however, the difficult task for him that it might appear. He had planned the work too shrewdly, he had calculated too cleverly. As he had figured, so, naturally, did it all come about. With inconceivable pain—pains that were increased by his bleeding palms and his bleeding feet and his constant loss of vitality—inch by inch, making with his finger tips, the self-crucifier moved the cross slowly over the window sill. It balanced and swayed for a moment. With an almost superhuman effort he dug his nails into the rude door of the upper chamber of the lodging house and pushed once more. The great cross lurched outward and then fell.

The citizens, transfixed by the sight, at first shuddered; then some one from the gaping crowd rushed up the stairs, and willing hands pulled in the cross. Lovat was not dead yet, but so weakened was he by his terrible ordeal, and so tottering his reason, that he died shortly afterward, refusing to eat. Foolish, misguided, fanatical, ignorant, he had succeeded in imitating, cruel as it was, the Crucifixion.



## Lillian Nordica's Daily Exercise Is Punching a Bag.

SHOULD the fair Lillian Nordica ever lose her voice, which Heaven forebode, and the new woman, in the course of her usurpation of the rights, privileges and occupations of poor man, annex the field of pugilism, as she has every other field, the fair songstress will be in a position to render a good account of herself in the "squared circle."

Nordica is in a fair way to become mistress of what used to be called the manly art of self-defence, and that was away back in the days when fighters got into a ring and fought, and did not wear out their lungs dictating bellicose letters, at rivals 1,000 miles distant.

Lillian Nordica a boxer—Nordica, with her sixty-four-button kids replaced with five-ounce gloves—Nordica punching the bag for an hour every morning and fancying, perhaps, that she has all the impetuous and rival song birds in the world before her in one personality. Think of the "hooks," "upper cuts," "rib roasters," "brain shakers" and "knock outs" that must attend her reminiscent flow of thought. On such occasions does not the vivacious and untiring maid-in-waiting, who is for the time being acting as second, bottle-holder, time-keeper and referee, do well to keep out of the way?

It was while in Chicago during the recent grand opera season that the fair prima donna took up boxing. Other stars of the first magnitude had gone in for bicycling; but the experience of Mme. Nordica on a wheel, and the daily reports of accidents to cyclists, caused the American song bird to view that recreation with disfavor, at least in city streets. There is more or less risk involved in taking a voice worth \$1,000 a night out on a bicycle ride. Constitutionals were out of the question.

Years ago American audiences were satisfied if the occasional prima donna were blessed with a voice, and Parpa and Sembrich and others were high in favor among the lovers of music. But the audiences of to-day must have beauty and grace as well as marked dramatic ability added to the lyric charms of the queens of opera, and the latter look with as much fear and trembling upon a tendency towards embonpoint as does a queen of the burlesque stage. The singer cannot but have exercise to keep herself within the bounds of her wardrobe.

Nordica gave the subject much thought. She studied up on athletics. She probably read those sporting classics "Fistiana," "Annals of the Crib Club," and studied photos of "John L." and "James J.," finally concluding that boxing was the thing, that it combined all that was good in athletics.

A distinguished professor of the manly art was called in consultation. He observed that boxing was the most entrancing of all sciences, and critically remarked that she would "make a good un." However, the physician pointed out to the enthusiastic songstress that an accidental blow on the neck or chest, even with soft gloves, might wreck her vocal career. After a long talk a compromise was reached on the punching bag as giving opportunity for all the desired muscular training and subjection of adipose tissue.

The punching bag selected was of extra fine construction, being covered with softest chambray. It is swung from the top of a door by one strong rubber cord and anchored to the floor by another. A bag thus placed does not come back unexpectedly and "bliff" the puncher. It is perfectly safe, and the exertion of knocking it is made light or heavy, as the exerciser may desire, by standing near to or away from it.

It is a very great secret, this boxing exercise of Mme. Nordica, and press agents connected with Mr. Abbey's vocal aggregation think that a diamond robbery or a jealous quarrel between two of the high-priced nightingales is a much better story for advertising purposes. The company all talk about it, however, and the De Beaske brothers are thinking of adopting the same form of physical rejuvenation.

Nordica, when boxing, wears the daintiest five-ounce gloves. Her hours of exercise are in the morning, after the maternal coffee, and before the breakfast, which is served at the luncheon hour.



## A Profane Parrot That Rides a Bicycle.

A BICYCLIST parrot is a conspicuous figure of life on the Boulevard and other uptown thoroughfares which are given up to the riders of the wheel.

Everybody is to be seen on a bicycle nowadays—old women, old men, babies and so forth. It is, therefore, not surprising that a parrot should make his appearance, for no creature could be more active, gay and sociable.

But this particular bird deserves mention for other reasons than the mere fact that he rides a bicycle. His conversational eccentricities are the amusement and the terror of the bicycling community.

The bird's full name is Don Cesar, and his owner is J. J. Walsh, of No. 490 Sixth avenue, who tells endless stories of the indiscretions of the bird.

Do not expect to hear that Don Cesar turns the pedals of a bicycle himself by any means. Even if that were possible he is too averse to hard work to consent to any such arrangement. When he wishes exercise he takes it on the wing, but the tongue is the member which he chiefly loves to agitate.

He perches in the middle of the handle-bars, on the spot where some enthusiastic bicyclists place their babies. There he stands and vociferates and scratches himself. Now and then he ducks his head down to see how the front wheel is going. It is a wonder that he has never punctured the tire and dislocated his beak, but that has not happened yet.

Occasionally he leaves the handle-bars and takes a fly into the air. For a parrot he is a good flyer. Having taken a view of the crowd of the river, or whatever may be in sight, he returns faithfully to the wheel. Mr. Walsh slackens his speed slightly when the bird goes flying.

Don Cesar is a green and red parrot of South American birth. At one time he belonged, like most parrots, to a seafaring man. During that period of his career he visited the principal ports of the world and learned at least four different languages. These languages consist chiefly of profanity.

It brings prosperity to have a parrot on board ship, just as it means certain misfortune to have a black cat. Once Don Cesar was left ashore in a saloon in Rio Janeiro by a thoughtless mariner. The ship had weighed anchor, but a detachment of seamen, having represented the gravity of the situation to the captain, the longboat was manned and Don Cesar was rescued. When he was safe on board he swore with such vigor that every one was satisfied that he would have brought evil to the ship if he had stayed ashore.

One of the most dangerous things a seaman can do is to give away a parrot who has learned nautical ways. But Mr. Walsh earned the friendship of a sailor to such an extent that he gave him his parrot, Don Cesar, a bird of rare experience. Now the bird has changed his proud position of mascot on a ship to the equally eminent one of figurehead on a bicycle in the streets of this metropolis.

Don Cesar's favorite languages are Spanish, Italian, French and German. You may hear him almost any evening on the Boulevard carrying on a monologue of this sort: "Nom d'un chien, vent-tu s'cher la paix?"—"Corpo di Bacco!"—"Tas d'idiot!"—"Caramba!"—"Allez au diable!"—"Pesta!"—"Ach du lieber Gott!"—"Oh, la, la!"

According to his owner Don Cesar becomes speechless with rage at the sight of a woman in bloomers. He sets up a fierce, hoarse shriek, which he keeps up for several minutes, at the end of which he is in danger of falling off the handle-bars. Evidently he has old-fashioned ideas on the subject of women. He believes that they should stay in petticoats. When they are so attired he is very affable, submitting to have his head scratched, but, sad to relate, he does not relax his profanity.

Don Cesar enjoys bicycling very thoroughly, otherwise he would not go riding. He gets the best part of it, the fresh air and the excitement, without the exertion and the fatigue.

Of course he makes himself interesting at other times than when he is on the wheel.

It is his habit to salute his master when he returns home, at whatever hour this may be. His favorite greeting is: "Hullo, popper! I see you!"

He repeats this a number of times in a very loud voice, accompanying his remarks with a shrill, mocking laugh. This trick used to cause a little embarrassment to Mr. Walsh when the hour of his return was one which he did not wish to have announced to his family and all his neighbors. Any attempt to silence Don Cesar by threats of violence or throwing a cloth over him was met by louder shrieks. Don Cesar proved utterly incorrigible in this respect, and so his owner has become very regular in his hours.



The Parrot That Rides a Bicycle.